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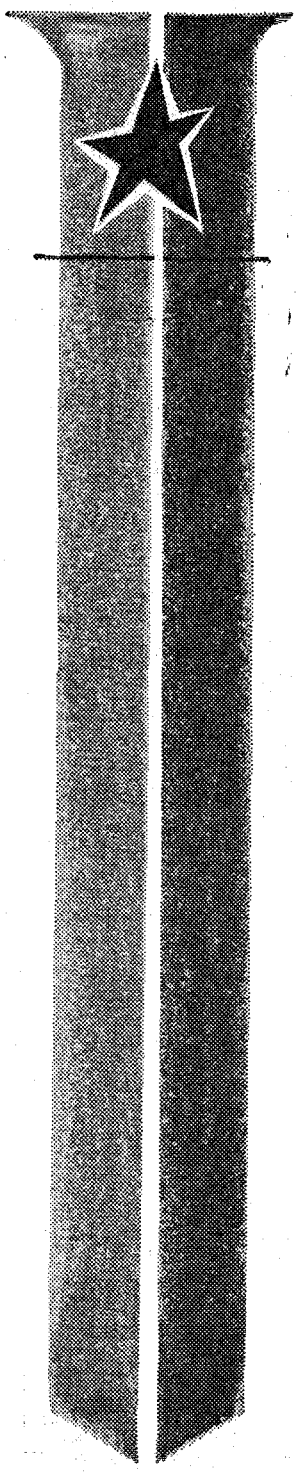

HOFFA: A STUDY in POWER

William Gomberg

END OF TOIL

Science Offers a New World

Gerard Piel

ST.-JOHN PERSE: POET AS HISTORIAN

Octavio Paz

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LETTERS

Fraudulent Science

Dear Sirs: I would like to add a footnote to the excellent article by Theodore Roszak ["Seduction of the Scientist," June 3]. The *American Scientist* is the quarterly of Sigma Xi, an honorary scientific research society made up of physical and biological scientists. A good deal of the advertisements in the magazine are of the type dealt with by Roszak — institutional advertisements glorifying the so-called achievements of companies engaged in making war weapons, and acclaiming the so-called scientific achievements of scientists and engineers hired by them.

About two years ago I wrote to the editors of *American Scientist,* calling attention to the misleading aspects of these advertisements and to the fraudulent scientific mantle which has accrued to the advertisers because of their occupying so much space in a reputable scientific journal. The editors published my letter; I received about a half-dozen laudatory letters personally; the editors received several *pro* and *con* letters which they published. And that was that.

I pressed on with another letter to the editors; I brought up the matter at a local Sigma Xi chapter meeting. The editors replied, stating that they are not responsible for the advertising matter in their journal. The local chapter declined to take up the matter at the national meeting of the Sigma Xi chapters.

I have a feeling that a good many scientists are disturbed by the whole aspect outlined in Roszak's article; they feel they are being cast as the villains in an amoral, irresponsible, power bureaucracy. They don't like it one bit, but they do not know what to do about it.

But I venture to predict that when enough scientists feel this way, when they feel that they have reached the breaking point, the present system of science for hire to the highest bidder will undergo a drastic overhauling.

New York City PHILIP SIEKEVITZ

The Prestige Angle

Dear Sirs: I read with considerable interest your editorial, "Space Rates," in the May 27 issue. You did a wonderful job of revealing the space-success parasites in industry.... And, of course, several newspaper reporters and radio and TV commentators picked up the old prestige bit in conjunction with this space feat. Some people seem determined to make the serious business of conquering space look like a parlor game where one prestige symbol on top of another is collected. If we consider each space conquest as merely another prestige symbol, then we have no business in space. Our sole motive for conquering space should be for the sake of discovery and exploration and the benefits such discoveries may have both for our own defense and for the welfare of the entire human race.

The recent episode of the freedom riders in Alabama is another case in point. Here again, some journalists picked up the old publicity-glazed word —prestige. Some said that our prestige has declined because of this glaring example of social injustice and that we have conveyed a poor image to the outside world. "It doesn't look good." And that's exactly the point. We have become so publicity-conscious, so engrossed in putting on a good front, that we are now more concerned about *looking* good than we are with *being* good.

Alfred, N. Y. RUSSELL STEINKE
State University of New York

Variation on a Theme

Dear Sirs: Dixie generally has but two approaches to freedom-seeking Negroes: swinging clubs or swinging jail doors. This is what is known as the "stars and bars." HARRY CIMRING

Hollywood, Calif.

Dissent at Yale

Dear Sirs: In Alan C. Elms's article, "The Conservative Ripple," in your May 27 issue, coverage of reaction to the showing of *Operation Abolition* at Yale was limited to the immediate response of the audience. Since then considerably greater attention has been given the problem. Several editorials opposing HUAC have been published in the student newspaper, *The Yale Daily News,* and other student publications. A committee, Yale Students Against HUAC, was soon formed . . . and a petition for abolition of the committee which received 617 signatures from members of the Yale community was circulated.

In recent years, liberal sentiment at Yale has been growing despite a strong Young Americans for Freedom chapter and a persistent Bill Buckley tradition. Challenge, an organization to promote original consideration of current events, is receiving nation-wide attention. The George Orwell Forum has sponsored lectures on Polaris Action, the Cuban revolution, Marxism and other controversial areas of student interest. On May 23, a rally was held on the New Haven green to demonstrate support for the Freedom Riders; the next day one of the speakers, Yale's chaplain, Bill Coffin, flew to Alabama to join the Freedom Riders.

There is a growing and heartening spirit of dissent at Yale, traditionally one of the most conservative universities. In the face of a lingering, polished and patronizing unconcern, new traditions of thought and action are being established. We hope and believe that, at Yale, the "conservative ripple" will never become a wave.

JOHN FRIEDBERG, Yale '64
MARK HEIN, Yale '64

New Haven, Conn.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 24

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

After Vienna

Like most Presidential fireside chats, Mr. Kennedy's broadcast of June 6 was in part a pep talk, in part a forensic argument, in part a minatory gesture, and in minor degree expository. The pep talk was addressed to the American people, who were warned that the outlook was "somber" — the President used the word three times — and urged to prepare for sacrifice. The forensic or political argument was aimed mainly at the Republican opposition, which holds the fate of the foreign-aid bill in its hands. Mr. Khrushchev was warned that the United States would stand firm against Communist incursions and infiltration. Then the President gave what information he could on the state of the nation in its overseas plans and commitments; he could supply very little that every newspaper reader did not already know.

All these things the President brought off admirably. With a minimum of preparation, and speaking part of the time almost ad libitum, he gave a finished performance and one which was a model of objectivity (as much as any politician can afford), political acumen and good taste. There was a complete absence of the clichés which rose naturally to the lips of Mr. Truman and Mr. Eisenhower on such occasions — "atheistic communism" and other standardized invective. Mr. Kennedy refrained from contrasting American saintliness with Soviet deviltry. At one point he even gave Mr. Khrushchev a break — he agreed that not all the disorders in the world are of the Kremlin's making; and when he spoke of the underdeveloped countries, he laid more stress on poverty, disease and ignorance than on Communist machinations. When he told Mr. Khrushchev that the United States would not stand for any nonsense, his tone was one of warning, but never of menace. It was that of one reasonable man talking to another who, he hopes, will prove equally reasonable.

If it had only produced a speech in this particular timbre, the meeting in Vienna would have been worth while. But something more important was accomplished. The relations of the Soviet Union and the United States were returned to an equilibrium of strained but normal diplomatic civility. There were no ex parte harangues on Khrushchev's part, no injured silence like that of General Eisenhower after the U-2 incident, no teenage sentimentalities like the "Spirit of Camp David" (or Geneva). Mr. Kennedy has made his blunders, but he has not made any in his relations with the Soviet Union, by far the most sensitive and critical area of his responsibility. If this is a negative accomplishment so far, it at least affords the opportunity for positive accomplishments later.

Neither Clear Nor Present

Announced almost before the echo of President Kennedy's fervent proclamation of the Freedom Doctrine had faded from the airways, the Supreme Court decisions upholding the registration provision of the Internal Security Act, and the conviction of an individual member of the Communist Party under the Smith Act, provided an ironic postscript. And the irony is underscored by the circumstance that the decisions were forced upon a reluctant Court by the logic of its own earlier illogic. For eleven years the Court, by resorting to every delaying stratagem in the judicial bag of tricks, had successfully avoided a decision on the registration provision. For six years or more, it had similarly evaded a decision on the membership cases: witness the tortuous record of hearings and rehearings in the Scales case. Finally brought face to face with the ineluctable necessity of decision, it could muster neither the will

Summer Schedule

After July 1, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 15 and 29, and August 12 and 26. The normal weekly schedule will be resumed with the Sept. 2 issue.

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nor the energy to throw off the strait jacket which its earlier decisions had imposed upon it (see: "Strait-jacketing Free Speech," *The Nation*, June 16, 1951, p. 552).

To uphold the Smith Act in 1951, the Court had to find some "clear and present danger" warranting the infringement on free speech. But the Communist Party was patently weaker in 1949 when the indictments were returned — the crucial date — than at any time since 1940, when the Smith Act was passed. So the court, going far afield, interpreted the substantive evil to be guarded against in terms of the high state of international tensions as reflected in the Berlin air lift and other dangerous incidents of the period. Quick to sense the hazards in this novel interpretation of the "clear and present danger" doctrine, Justice Black sought to establish an escape hatch for the future. "In calmer times," he said, "when present pressures, passions and fears subside," the strait jacket might be removed.

Now it is ten years later. The Communist Party — through deaths, resignations, purges, political attrition, constant harassment, etc. — is but a shadow of the shadow it was when the first Smith Act indictments were returned. And while the danger of nuclear war is still with us, cold-war tensions are nothing like as acute today as they were in 1951 (we were then at war). In a word, the emergency which was then defined as special and temporary has now become general and permanent. In 1951, the Court borrowed Judge Medina's phrase about "the probability of success" — in the future, that is — to measure the Communist Party's capacity for mischief. But if that "probability" has increased in the last decade, J. Edgar Hoover should be promptly sacked; he himself denies it. In a word, the more minuscule the Communist Party becomes, the more severe the restrictions that must be imposed upon it. Individual members escaped the dragnet of the original decision; only "conspirators" — officers and individuals who had actively participated in the reorganization of the party — were subject to prosecution. Now the Court — in a period of relative calm and quiet — has upheld the conviction of Junius Irving Scales, who has not been a member of the Communist Party for some years.

The Nation takes no satisfaction in having warned in 1951 that the Supreme Court had started down a road from which there was no turning. Nor can we derive satisfaction from the fact that the present Court has been most reluctant to honor the consequences of its own illogic. To us the unpalatable fact is that the country — through the court — has again reneged on its commitments to freedom, this time with less cause and less provocation than existed a decade ago and without being able to plead fear and hysteria in extenuation. That the Court has reneged belatedly and reluctantly on its — and our — commitment is but a dusty answer to Justice Black's biting comment: "The first banning of an association because it advocates hated ideas — whether that association is called a political party or not — marks a fateful moment in the history of a free country. That moment seems to have arrived for this country."

The Cassini Image

For many years savants from abroad have commented on the intense self-consciousness of Americans, or at least those Americans with whom they came in contact. Even before World War II it seemed that educated Americans were anxious about the image they presented before the world; this anxiety has naturally been intensified by the tribulations which followed the war and the scant success which has attended the foreign policies of the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations. The last, in particular, has been casting about for a new image which would project America in all her splendor before the races of mankind. And now, as failure and success alike often come in unexpected forms, an image of sorts has been achieved. The President had little to do with it. It was simply that he has a beautiful wife.

Two thousand correspondents followed the President and Mrs. Kennedy to Paris, and correspondents must, in such a situation, turn out heavy wordage to justify the expense and keep their editors and readers happy. But international conferences, and especially summit conferences, are notorious for not generating news. As one columnist put it, "Never did so many go so far to say so little."

But if they could tell practically nothing of what actually went on at the conferences, they could write about Mrs. Kennedy and her gowns. Both the wearer and the gowns were ravishing, radiant, glamorous, out of this world. And the tiaras. And the hair-dos. And the admiration of men and women alike for the Presidential beauty queen, in Paris, in Vienna, in London — all those capitals of old-world gallantry and sophistication — there had never been anything like it. Jacqueline launched no ships with her face, but she produced the image.

Did she enjoy it? Probably, at times; she is human, and female. But this young woman also seems to have some solid qualities of character, and very likely she is glad that she must play this role for at most eight years and not, like Queen Elizabeth, another image-maker of no mean stature, for life.

For political purposes, however, this sort of image is transitory. Mrs. Kennedy may be the most dazzling creation of God and the dressmaker and the hairdresser, and Mrs. Khrushchev unabashedly a grandmother, but their respective husbands must reckon on intercon-

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tinental missiles and bombers and nuclear tests and the other facts of an intractable world. The show will not put iron or muscle into the indolent Laotians, or greatly influence the minds of Congolese tribesmen; they have no TV sets. Beauty passes. The political image must still be sought. And if it is to impress mankind, it cannot be synthetic.

No Embarrassing Questions

Paris

The trial of General Challe and his co-conspirator in the Algerian putsch, General Zeller, had more the earmarks of a farce than of a serious legal proceeding. The accused, the presiding judge (an old friend of Challe's) and counsel for both sides were so full of *noblesse oblige* that one expected them momentarily to break off the proceedings and share a bottle of champagne. (Don't be misled by the fifteen-year sentences meted out to the defendants: best guess is that they will be out in a year, maybe less.) Not a single embarrassing question was asked — not by the prosecution, not by the defense counsel. When General Challe, with straight face, declared he had never intended to invade Paris from Algiers, no one reminded him that, during the putsch, Prime Minister Debré had gone on the air to warn of the imminence of a paratroop drop. No one challenged Challe when he attributed the failure of his putsch to "Communist influence" on the conscripts serving in Algeria. Nobody asked him to identify the Army officers who, since last fall, had been urging him to lead a revolt. Nobody seemed at all curious about the roles Spain, Portugal and Israel were slated to play were the revolt successful. And, of course, nobody asked a single question about the American CIA.

But if there were no embarrassing questions, there was at least one embarrassing answer. Asked about the extent of support for the putsch among the Army officer corps, General Challe replied: "About 10 per cent were against, 20 per cent in favor, and 70 per cent were waiting to see which way the wind was going to blow." This low opinion of the officer cadre as a bunch of cowardly opportunists who stayed with the Republic not out of conviction, but out of fear, seemed confirmed by the military witnesses who testified. Georges Suffert angrily summed up his impressions in *Observateur*:

> These generals and colonels are amazing. They really showed themselves in their true colors — nearly all of them mediocre and cowardly. The great paradox of this trial is that Challe alone looks respectable in the midst of all this buffoonery; at least he believes in something. . . .

Today the French propaganda machine is trying to sell the idea that de Gaulle is strong because of the Army; the truth is that he is strong *in spite* of the Army — or at least in spite of its colonels and generals, whose real sympathies lie with Challe. What would these officers do were de Gaulle to die tomorrow? This much one can say with certainty: the "defense of the Republic" would be their least concern.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Project Chariot

Whether the extensive use of nuclear energy will prove to be a blessing or a scourge for mankind is still far from certain. Aside from the danger of nuclear war, the biophysical and biochemical dangers of even the peaceful uses of nuclear energy are formidable. The disposal of nuclear wastes, the possibility of a large nuclear reactor's getting out of control, the dangers of handling and transporting radio isotopes, must constantly be borne in mind.

Project Chariot is an example of a proposed constructive application of nuclear energy. It is described in a group of first-class expository papers which compose the entire June, 1961, issue of *Nuclear Information*, published by the Greater St. Louis Citizens' Committee for Nuclear Information. Project Chariot was conceived as a plan to use nuclear explosives to dig a harbor at Cape Thompson, on the northwest shore of Alaska. The hole would be 1,500 feet in diameter and a channel 2,000 feet long would connect it to the sea. Five nuclear bombs are to be used, four of Hiroshima size (20,000 tons TNT equivalent) and one of fairly large size (200,000 tons). But there are unexpected complications.

Radioactive fallout is ubiquitous, whether the purpose of a nuclear explosion is malign or beneficent. In the case of Project Chariot, the Alaskan "food web" must be studied. This has been done, and the results are not encouraging. In the United States, and in Alaskan cities, the caribou is an animal of little interest, but to the Eskimos it is an important source of meat. So the Eskimos are interested. For its part, the caribou is interested in lichen, which it eats. Lichens are truly remarkable plants; they have no roots to speak of, but absorb the mineral nutrition they need from dust in the air. Radioactive fallout is radioactive dust. Thus, if Chariot is set off, the Eskimos may end up eating radioactive caribou.

It adds up to a dilemma. On the one hand, the inhabitants of the region — animal, marine and human — cannot be jeopardized. On the other, it seems a pity to forego the immense construction potentialities of nuclear explosives. Perhaps a small test explosion could be set off under conditions which would permit extrapolation on which to base a reliable forecast of what would happen with a big explosion. But it is already clear that Andrei Vishinsky, with his glowing forecasts of the peaceful uses of nuclear energy, did not know the half of it.

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HOFFA: A STUDY in POWER . . *by William Gomberg*

Washington, D.C.

A CONTINUED campaign of harassment by the government and the regular labor movement keeps Jimmy Hoffa in the forefront of labor-management news. *The New York Times* of May 27 disclosed that the government is still interested in the affairs of the Teamsters' chief, having moved in Federal Court to force the Teamsters to open its headquarters and financial records for inspection. It is difficult to conjecture what the government expects to find at this late date that it has not yet discovered.

The last encounter between Senator McClellan and Jimmy Hoffa took place in January. If the purpose of a legislative investigation is to uncover hitherto unknown facts for legislative needs, it is difficult to understand the purpose of that hearing. It disclosed nothing that had not been covered in the earlier hearings in 1959. The country already knew that it was unlikely that any "Little Lord Fauntleroy" could survive as an official of the Teamsters. Presumably the passage of the Landrum-Griffin Act, following the 1959 hearings, was to assure the country that Jack the Ripper and Gyp the Blood were equally not suited to survive as officers under the new environment created by the law.

WHAT WAS most interesting about last January's hearings was the way Jimmy Hoffa had learned to handle Senator McClellan and the committee. Members accused Hoffa of harboring criminals in Local 239 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters: Senator Ervin specifically taxed Hoffa with doing nothing to eliminate Tony "Ducks" Carallo from office. Hoffa replied:

> Senator, you passed the law [Landrum-Griffin] and you were one of the prime spokesmen on it. I read your statements in the hearings. . . . You stated that if a man had been convicted of certain crimes, after five years that man was eligible to run and be elected for office. . . .
>
> I say to you, sir, under the law today that you helped to pass, that if the rank and file decides to elect a man that Hoffa doesn't like. . . that Hoffa could not mandatorily remove that man from office under your present law.

Later in the hearings, Hoffa rose to challenge Senator McClellan's characterization of many of the Teamsters' officers as disreputable characters. He stated that he had just completed negotiations in Arkansas where, without the loss of an hour's work, he had achieved pensions of $200 a month at age sixty for truck drivers with twenty years of service, and $374 a month at age sixty-five. He then challenged McClellan's State Government of Arkansas to compare its efforts on behalf of Arkansas workers with what he had achieved for his Teamsters. He cited the Arkansas laws establishing $1 per day minimum for female employees and an increase to $1.25 per day after six months' employment; other employees in Arkansas, he noted, enjoy no minimum at all. The Senator did not enjoy the exchange.

Drawing by Berger

James Hoffa

IF Congress and the Attorney General are out to get Hoffa come what may, at least those government bodies that want to achieve labor peace recognize that they must deal with him realistically. Nathan Feinsinger of the University of Wisconsin headed up the President's commission to settle the strike of the flight engineers on the airlines. The power behind the flight engineers was the Teamsters, who gave the strike full support. Significantly enough, when Feinsinger made his recommendations for settlement, the news stories made a point of noting that Jimmy Hoffa had hailed the recommendations as eminently fair. *The New York Times* evidently felt that Hoffa's approval of the Feinsinger decisions was as newsworthy as the decisions themselves. The Federal Mediation Service and all the state agencies acknowledge the operational reality of the Teamsters and deal with them realistically, even if Congress and George Meany insist that they are outside the pale.

HOFFA takes particular pride in his defeat of the monitorship over his union. The facts are well known. A suit had been filed protesting the results of the October, 1957, Miami Beach convention of the Teamsters. Judge Letts had virtually tied up the affairs of the union so that it could not function pending the outcome of the trial. Unwisely, the Teamsters leadership suggested a monitorship to oversee the reorganization of the national office pending the calling of a new convention scheduled for January 31, 1958. Once the monitorship was established, it proceeded to create an organizational bureaucracy and vested interests of its own. It refused to permit the holding of the scheduled convention on the theory that the union first had to be "cleansed." The monitors were supported in their attempts to rewrite the rules under which they were operating by Judge Letts; fortunately, however, the Judge was overruled by higher courts. Eventually Judge Letts was forced to dissolve the monitorship, and the Teamsters are now free to call their convention. It is set for July 3. The union estimates that the monitorship cost the union $3 million. The labor movement as a whole stood supinely by throughout this

WILLIAM GOMBERG teaches at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania.

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struggle; it was not their ox that was being gored. It remains to be seen whether the precedents set in this case will not provide happy hunting grounds for lawyers with an eye on union treasuries. The labor movement may yet rue the day that it let the Teamsters go it alone on the monitorship issue.

IT IS interesting to compare the economic results achieved by the Teamsters under Hoffa's leadership with the record of other unions. In the period 1958-60, the Teamsters won an average pay increase of 38.6c in trucking and warehousing, compared to an average of 29.9c in all other industries (including manufacturing, non-manufacturing and transportation). Wages for over-the-road truck drivers are rapidly approaching $2.98 an hour.

Hoffa hopes to undercut some of the legal restrictions which now exist against the "hot cargo" and secondary-boycott weapons once available to his union. He hopes to do this by achieving a uniform expiration date for all his labor contracts. Hoffa argues that this is good for the union and also good for the stability of the industry. As matters stand now, he says, a trucking strike in one major city affects many other cities and seriously hampers national over-the-road shipping. The more times labor and management must negotiate, the more frequently arises the threat of a stoppage and the resultant uncertainties. Hoffa has won a February 1, 1964, expiration date for contracts of the Central Conference of Teamsters and the Southern Conference of Teamsters. Trucking companies in New England have also agreed to this date. It is Hoffa's hope that by February 1, 1967, he will have a uniform expiration date for all of the over-the-road truck drivers.

Again in an effort to circumvent the Landrum - Griffin restrictions against "hot cargo" clauses and the requirements that truck drivers must pass through picket lines, Hoffa has included in his agreement clauses which stipulate that an employee is not in violation of the contract if he refuses to pass a picket line. His agreement further provides that if these clauses are not sustained by the courts, then the activities involved shall be defined as especially hazardous work calling for triple pay.

Provisions of this nature are the subject of litigation between the Atlanta office of the National Labor Relations Board and the Southern Conference of Teamsters. The important consideration is the aggressive ingenuity that the Teamsters show in developing new devices to cope with current organizational problems.

HOFFA'S organization continues to grow at the same time that the labor movement continues to decline. To be sure, the over-all decline cannot all be laid at the door of the labor leadership, even if it has become more and more preoccupied with public relations rather than with organization. The change in the make-up of the American labor force, and most particularly the relative decline in the percentage of blue-collar workers, have contributed to the problem. However, while the established labor movement makes little or no progress among the newer white-collar workers, Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters steadily keeps adding to its membership.

The Teamsters Union is the key to the organization of many of the unorganized groups. Highly skilled workers, such as professional engineers, have discovered that there was little correlation between their skill and their collective-bargaining strength. When the professional engineers would strike a plant like RCA, they discovered that their impact was on the long-run operations of the company; i.e., their services were deferrable for a period longer than their own reserves would permit them to hold out. A company that faced an engineers' strike could grant overtime incentives following settlement and, in large part, make up the working time lost.

To a large extent, the same is true for industrial workers. In states where the strikebreakers' right to continue work is fully protected, factories manage to limp along with a partial labor force until economic pressure and morale erosion dissipate the union's energies and its will to continue the strike. However, if the relatively unskilled truck drivers refuse to deliver goods and take away finished inventories, then the pressure upon the employer soars so high within a short time that he is forced to settle. This is the basis of the Teamsters' strength.

Many Southern chambers of commerce continue to attempt to attract industry from the older industrial areas of the country by a variety of inducements; for example, right-to-work laws, plus an informal assurance that the local police will make any union organizer extremely unwelcome. These and other devices are part of the gift package offered to industrialists. The fly in the ointment is the Teamsters, which can stop scab merchandise when it leaves the police-protected haven.

THE labor movement needs the Teamsters for economic and organizational reasons; the Teamsters needs the labor movement for reasons of respectability. Jimmy Hoffa, despite his early toughness, feels this need for respectability quite deeply. He has arrived. He is a national figure and feels the way John D. Rockefel-

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ler, Sr., did when the latter went looking for Ivy Lee. How does this desire for respectability show itself? Jimmy Hoffa's god is power. To put it in his own words, "I ain't settling for no tips. Any bums who are, go flying out of this organization." A crude way of putting it, but much to the point.

You come into his office and a composite portrait dominates the left wall. A phosphorescent treatment illuminates the theme. In the deep background are America's four heroic Presidents carved in the stone of Mt. Rushmore. Superimposed upon them is the bespectacled countenance of Sam Gompers and, dominating the foreground, is Smiling Jimmy Hoffa.

ON THE EVE of the 1969 election, Robert Kennedy expressed himself in eloquent terms on the NBC *Jack Paar Show*. He was talking on his favorite subject, Jimmy Hoffa's morality. Jimmy Hoffa promptly filed a libel suit against NBC and Robert Kennedy, who retained Arthur Goldberg as his defense counsel. The suit still stands and Hoffa's adversaries are now two Cabinet members—unless, as seems likely, Arthur Goldberg has since withdrawn as counsel.

Hoffa has converted the Teamsters organization from a loosely affiliated set of local baronies into a tightly centralized organization. The old Teamsters Union confined itself to local haulage and its only sense of national purpose was the per capita its locals paid to Dan Tobin as president. If you paid your dues, nobody asked any questions. If you shook down your local employers at so much a truck, this was as normal to Teamster practice as the plunder by a Roman Consul assigned to supervise a conquered territory. Old Dan Tobin understood the virtue of local autonomy. But Dan Tobin's organization was unable to cope with the revolution in trucking. The high-speed, over-the-road rig didn't fit the structural incentives of the local baronies of the old union.

The Dunn brothers and Farrell Dobbs did understand the power of the over-the-road truck drivers and up in Minneapolis made them the keystone of a local organization that dominated the Twin Cities. Every union in the area became beholden to the Teamsters. Their growing strength made Old Dan Tobin uneasy; local baronies should stay small. In addition, the Dunn brothers were Trotskyites. When World War II broke out, Tobin, with the help of his friend FDR, moved in on the Dunn brothers, using the Smith Act as the instrument. Much to the applause of the Communists, the brothers were jailed for "threatening the war effort," and young Jimmy Hoffa, a rising Detroit organizer, was dispatched to clean up the organization. Jimmy cleaned it up, but in time was conquered by the idea of the Dunn brothers. It was the Greek-Roman contretemps all over again and the beginning of the end for old Dan Tobin.

Dave Beck, who succeeded Dan Tobin, had experimented with a similar type of organization in the Pacific Northwest. Beck, however, fancied himself a business tycoon in the labor business. He believed in, and used, all of the techniques of "scientific management," including delegation of authority. Jimmy was very glad to take that authority — and not just part of it. When Dave Beck was put on the skids by young Kennedy, Jimmy moved out into the open. The easy success which the government had in ridding the Teamsters organization of Beck led them to the faulty conclusion that Jimmy Hoffa would offer as little difficulty. Even the labor movement made the same mistake.

The average Teamster had felt no sense of identity with Dave Beck; he feels completely identified with Jimmy Hoffa. This sense of identity should not be confused with the rituals and trappings of formal democracy. It is more like, "Jimmy is our boy; he gets us conditions. The other fellows call Jimmy crooked. Well, we don't know. Everybody has his price. At least if Jimmy gets his, he sees that we get ours. Those other bums, those respectables, they take everything and we get nothing." Jimmy Hoffa's power can be understood in the same terms as that of the old-fashioned city ward heeler who usually managed to lick the silk-stocking reformer. The working-class voter wanted mercy and relief. The silk-stocking reformer insisted on giving him "justice" and low taxes.

JIMMY HOFFA still wants to get back into the labor movement. In Miami he displayed bravado, laying down conditions for rejoining the AFL-CIO. One of these conditions was acceptance by the federation of the Teamsters' revised constitution, assigning to the union organizational jurisdiction over any group of workers who remain unorganized. It almost sounded like the C.I.O. of 1936. Hoffa is convinced that George Meany is his only obstacle to reentry into the federation. "Imagine a guy," he says, "who is president of the American labor movement who boasts that he never led a strike or a picket line. No wonder he doesn't know what he's doing. What'd he ever do except horse around with some politicians in the state assembly?"

To Walter Reuther he grants a grudging respect. "That guy, he's worried about the long view. He built a real organization, though. Hell, if he wants to be the next president of the AFL-CIO, he knows he needs us back in the federation." Jimmy then goes on: "Seems even I got a long-hair department myself," and he points to Hal Gibbons. "I got a technical department, a political department and all them other departments, but when it comes to the guts of the organization, the negotiations, the membership, that's me."

Stangely enough, this is true. Sitting at his desk, he takes calls from all over the country, giving instructions on the minutest detail of agreements. He has completely absorbed the complexity of the industry. When I asked Jimmy, "Do you mean to say that you run this organization by yourself?" he answered, "I know every guy in the field and none of them can kid me. . . . Dan Tobin never knew what was happening, didn't care and didn't need to care. Dave Beck? Hell, I was running it while he was playing big shot. He never knew the score." When asked, "And after you, Jimmy?" he just grins and says, "Hell, let the young

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kid pick up the pieces and make his own the way I did." Then, with a loud laugh, "Boy, if I were to drop dead before the convention, would there be a wild scramble! Now I'm going there with practically unanimous support."

Much of Hoffa's opposition was looked upon by the enlightened liberals as reformers who were out to clean up corruption. It's hardly that simple. Much of Hoffa's opposition disguised itself under the "local autonomy label," implying that it stood for democracy; actually, it was angry because the locus of power had shifted, under Hoffa, from the local to the national organization, leaving the local barons out in the cold.

HOFFA'S plans reach beyond the Teamsters organization. He envisages a transportation council made up of all the unions in rail, trucking and maritime to coordinate policy and render mutual assistance. His first attempt to set up a council was frustrated by the refusal of the railway unions to combine with him. His most recent attempt was an alliance of the International Longshoremen's Union under Captain Bradley and Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union. Even this limited attempt was frustrated when Bradley's convention voted non-support under an implied threat of disaffiliation by the parent AFL-CIO.

Hoffa has a working understanding with Harry Bridges of the Pacific Coast ILWU. This alliance has maintained itself despite some conflict between Pacific Coast locals of the Teamsters with the longshore union over work rules arising out of Harry Bridges' automation agreement [see *The Nation*, Nov. 26, 1960: "The Job as Property," by William Gomberg — ED.]. Jimmy's attitude toward the morality of his own officers can best be understood by a telephone conversation I overheard him make in his office. He was upbraiding one of his men for having been deceived by an employer. Hoffa exclaimed: "What are you letting him kid ya for? He's running oil, not cement. He'll pay the oil rate." Then, hanging up the phone, he grinned and said: "I know all my men. Now take that guy. He's a thief." "A thief?" I exclaimed. "How come you let him survive?" He went on, "He is not the kind you mean, a legitimate thief. He's always in deals. You know, stocks and bonds and all that stuff. We got all kinds in our organization, and ya got to know how to handle them all."

Hoffa is a complex embodiment of a populist rebel, a robber baron, a Selig Perlman job-oriented unionist in the tradition of Hoxie's business unionism. He's also in the best tradition of free enterprise. He is for his boys — and small wonder that his boys are for him.

If, following the convention, the labor movement that can comfortably abide a convicted Hutcheson still can find no room for a unionist like Hoffa, then he will go it alone. He will be more effective than John Lewis, because his is the union of the future, not a union of the past. The government is still trying to get him — and may yet. The first attempt to restrain him, the Landrum-Griffin Act, will be relatively ineffective. The Taft-Hartley Act was passed in 1947 in an attempt to put John Lewis out of business. The act never bothered John L., but it did wreck Emil Reeve's Textile Workers Union of America. Landrum-Griffin was aimed at Jimmy Hoffa. He seems to have ducked it; and now it seems the act may well decapitate Kennedy's friends in the Garment Workers. The Garment Workers factories are fast retreating southward, and Title Seven of the Landrum-Griffin Act (the amendments to Taft-Hartley) makes the necessary organizing drive almost impossible.

Meanwhile, Jimmy grins. He didn't get invited to the Inaugural Ball, but he does get the membership.

Jimmy Hoffa is a complete puritan in his personal habits. He won't smoke, he won't drink. He is happily married and the father of two children and he won't look at another woman. He lives in a modest home in Detroit. He loves but one mistress: "power." Thus far she has been his servant. The future may make him her victim.

SCIENCE OFFERS A NEW WORLD

END OF TOIL . . *by Gerard Piel*

THE ADVANCE of science has for many years been undermining the two pillars of our economy: property and work. The ownership of property is no longer the primary source of power, even economic power, in our society; nor does ownership establish the significant, functioning connection between people and the things they consume. Work occupies fewer hours in the lives of everyone; what work there is grows less like work every year, and the less the people work the more their production grows. In the place of work and property, illusions and old habits and compulsions now support the social edifice. Public understanding must eventually overtake this transformation in the relationship of modern man to his physical environment. Fundamental changes in the social order—in man's relationship to man—are therefore in prospect and are already in process.

Until quite recent times, land was the only economically significant property physically occupied by its possessors and cherished and maintained from generation to generation. In medieval Europe the land so completely dominated economic life that the taking of interest was syn-

GERARD PIEL is editor and publisher of Scientific American.

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onymous with usury, a crime as well as a sin. It took a religious revolution to establish the practice of selling things for more than they cost and to secure propriety for profit in the worldly virtue of thrift.

Profit, thrift and the accumulation of capital brought an entirely new kind of property into ascendance—the machine, which at first had the same immemorial look of permanence as the land. It embodied a high ratio of brute material to design, and was built for depreciation over at least one generation of ownership. It was not long, however, before the ratio of design to material began to rise; finally, the ratio was reversed. As the machine became ever less substantial, its lifetime grew shorter. Today the economically significant industrial property is not the machine, but the design—and not even the design so much as the capacity to innovate design in process and product. This is scarcely property at all; rather, it is the capacity of an organization. To have that capacity encumbered by gigantic plant can be hazardous. The most profitable manufacturing enterprises are those that show a shrinking ratio of plant to output and a rising ratio of instrumentation to plant. The decisive factor of production today is research and development.

AS THE nature of property, in the sense of the thing that is owned, has changed, so has the nature of the social institution of property. Property was subverted by another social institution: the corporation. With ownership represented by stock certificates, the proprietors ceased to occupy the premises, and their rights were reduced to voting for the directors of the corporation (if they bothered to return the proxy statement) and to a claim on earnings (if the directors declare dividends).

A similar transformation in the nature of property is to be seen in the relationship of the owner to property as usufruct. There is a greater percentage of home-owners today in the United States than ever before in this century—more than 60 per cent of the occupiers of dwelling places compared to less than 50 per cent in 1900. But whereas 30 per cent of the homes were mortgaged to 40 per cent of their aggregate value in 1900, more than 60 per cent are mortgaged to an aggregate of more than half their value today. The builders and bankers of the new suburbs will tell you that the ownership of one out of six homes there turns over every year. Plainly, the so-called home-owner is buying not a home but a housing service, much as he buys transportation, not a car, from the auto industry. In sum, the typical U.S. consumer owns no property in the classical meaning of the term. Out of current income he pays for services currently rendered. Through income set aside in social security taxes and in pension and insurance funds, he reserves a claim on services to be rendered in the future.

THE subversion of work has followed a parallel course. Work now serves to secure not the production, but the distribution, of goods in our economy. The subversion of work began, of course, with the displacement of manpower by the horsepower first of steam engines and then of steam turbines, the generator of electrical energy. Studies conducted many years ago, when muscles were yielding a day's work to steam, showed that one man can put out about forty-eight kwh. in useful work in a year. On that basis, the 750 billion kwh. of electricity generated in the United States puts the equivalent of eighty-five slaves at the disposal of each man, woman and child.

But this is an old story. The new story is the disemployment of the human nervous system. The robot, or artificial nervous system which is replacing the human one, is based on a single underlying principle: the "feedback." This principle underlies all self-regulating systems, including living organisms. The nearest and simplest example is the household thermostat, in which a mechanical sense organ absorbs a little of the heat generated by the household heating plant and thereby makes a measurement of its output. This small fraction of the output is fed back in the form of a signal to correct the input of fuel to the heating unit. By this feeding back of output to input, the household heating plant is made to regulate itself.

The feedback-control systems in our economy appear in a host of species and varieties—electrical, electronic, pneumatic, hydraulic, mechanical. An accurate census of them has not been made. But the evidence is strong that they now outnumber the human workers employed in industry. Our entire energy economy —from the steam plant out across the high-tension lines to the rotating machinery of industry—is now subject to automatic control. The new technology of atomic energy is critically dependent upon automatic control. Our petroleum refineries and almost all of our chemical process plants are today so highly robotized that their complex operations are controlled by one or two human operators stationed at the central push-button control panel.

It is only a few steps from here to the fully automatic factory. In fact, the first full-scale petroleum refineries incorporating the principal elements of the self-regulating robot factory are already on the way.

Obviously, the purpose in designing an automatic petroleum refinery is not to replace the one or two human operators who still remain on the payroll, any more than the dial telephone, with the ramifications of direct long-distance and direct inward dialing, is designed to save the wages of operators. In both instances, the object is increased efficiency. The heart of the modern telephone system is not the dial, but a computer in the central station known in the telephone company as the "line marker." Its self-regulating internal circuit is so complex that its designers cannot tell at any given moment just which elements in it are performing the work at hand. At the present rate of traffic, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company estimates it would have to employ all of the women in the labor force, plus 20 per cent more, to do the work of its line markers. The task of coordinating the output of that many human nervous systems in a single telephone system is quite impracticable.

Since the computer's function is to handle information, the easiest way to hook it up to the world outside it is by typewriter. Equipped with

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typewriters, it becomes a white-collar worker.

Thus far the impact of the automatic-control revolution upon the industrial payroll has been felt most acutely by the production worker. Until about twenty-five years ago, the ranks of skilled and semi-skilled factory hands were the growing element in the labor force; now their numbers are declining at an accelerating rate. During the three-year period, from 1956 to 1959, for example, the General Electric Company increased its output by 6 per cent and at the same time reduced its production payroll by 10 per cent. That company's non-production workers now outnumber the factory payroll proper. The same is apparently true of other major units in the electrical industry. After the last retooling, the auto industry produced more units than ever before — and with fewer production workers, as the shrinking rolls of the auto workers' union attest.

Vocal union organizations imbued with the Luddite spirit have made the public uncomfortably aware of these developments in recent years. Less is heard of what must be the already considerable impact of the white-collar computer, which has only begun to be felt. Clearly, the liberation of white-collar workers from their routines is due to proceed at a much faster rate.

FROM decade to decade, the U.S. economy has adjusted to the obviation of work with something of the same inventiveness with which it has absorbed the consequences of the subversion of property. One man-hour of work today produces what it took three man-hours to produce sixty years ago. This means that we could be producing the same national product as in 1900 with one-third of the 1900 labor force. That would leave 58 million members of the present labor force unemployed. But, of course, we have elected to apply our rising productivity to the production of a much larger volume of goods (about six times as much as in 1900). A major part of this vast increase is represented by products not dreamed of in 1900.

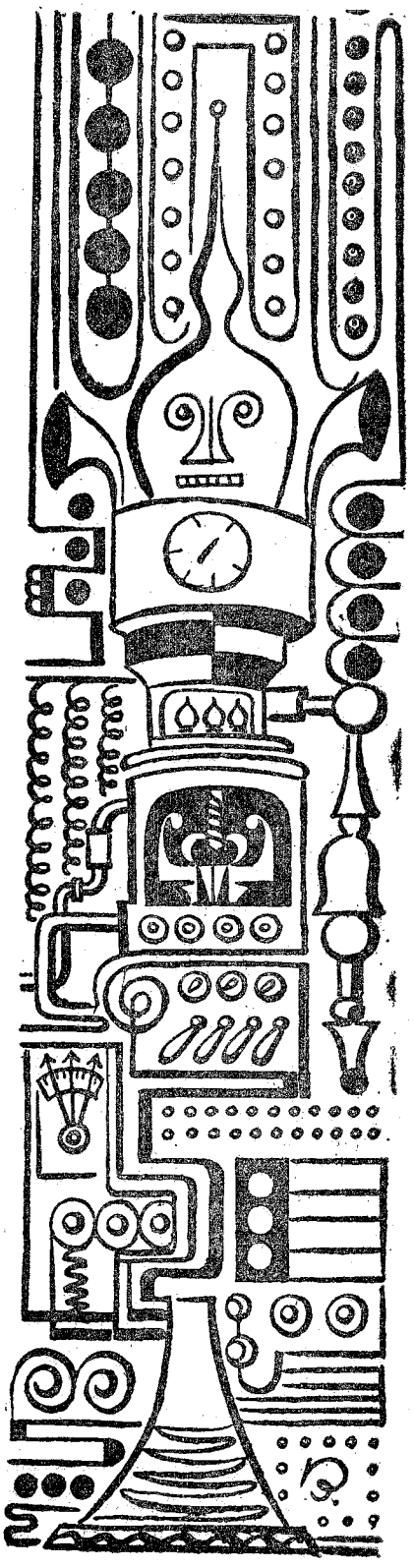
Workers could be producing goods in even greater volume, but they have chosen to take a substantial portion of the gain in leisure. With the work week shortened from around sixty hours to forty, the much larger 1961 labor force is putting in a total number of man-hours that is only 40 per cent larger than that worked by the 1900 labor force. If the sixty-hour work week still prevailed, only 40 million workers would be needed to produce the 1961 national product and some 27 million workers would be unemployed.

This invention—the spreading of the same amount of work over the larger labor force by giving everyone less work to do—constitutes only a part of the solution to the problem of distribution. Moreover, it should be distinguished from the desperate share-the-work measures taken in the Great Depression, because it does not involve sharing the wage.

On the contrary, the portion of the national income going to the labor factor (that is, compensation of employees as against profit, interest, rent and so on) has risen slowly from 53 to 73 per cent since 1900. This is another huge gain on the problem of distribution, especially when it is considered in connection with the way the total income is shared among the income groups. The lowest four-fifths received about one-third of the total national income in 1900; those income groups now receive 55 per cent of the very much larger total. Almost the entire 12 per cent subtracted from the income of the top fifth went to the three middle fifths, improving their relative position by roughly 60 per cent.

The redistribution of purchasing power is another important factor in reducing the amount of work people do in the course of their lives. It makes it possible for young people to postpone their entrance into the labor market through high school and even college age, and it takes workers out of the labor market by voluntary retirement at the other end of their careers.

BUT THE shortening of the man-year and the working life still leaves untold the real story of how work has been spread in order to secure the spread of purchasing power. If work is defined with any sort of strictness to mean productive work —that is, the extraction of raw materials and the making of consumable goods from them—then less than half of the labor force, or only 25 million people, are really at work. The distribution of the abundance they produce is secured in major part by employing people in the task of dis-



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tribution. This is not to say that the distributors do not serve a valid economic function. But selling and distribution costs commonly mark up the manufacturing cost of durable goods by 250 per cent. The major portion of the profit on the sales price now comes from the distribution process. Since gimmickry is thus made to grow by what it feeds upon, the distribution system pays a premium on waste. Its principal economic justification is that it does provide "work" and so increases the number of consumers.

To the round 12 million employed in distribution should be added another 12 million who qualify as consumers by virtue of their employment in financial, clerical and service functions—necessary, but again not productive work as it is formally defined in our national bookkeeping.

Another large group of consumers is qualified by their enrollment on government payrolls. Certain members of the community will stoutly deny that these people ever do a day's work. Not counting the armed forces, their number now exceeds 5.5 million. If the figure looks too big, it is because we usually forget local and state governments in these calculations. It comes back into scale when we recognize that $132 billion, nearly 30 per cent of the gross national product, turned over in government budgets in 1959. Those expenditures not only set up 5.5 million consumers for the goods made by those more productively employed; the money also made substantial direct purchases of goods and so generated millions of the jobs in the production sector.

Our roll call ends with the two million-odd household employees and the two or more million who are employed in teaching or self-employed in the learned professions. Those whom we have here classified as nonproductive employees constituted only 30 per cent of the labor force of 1900; they make up 60 per cent of it today. Compared to the day's work that confronts most of mankind every morning, most U.S. citizens are not engaged in work at all.

THUS, up to the present, the American society has managed to handle the obviation of work without undue stress upon the system of distribution that has carried over from the days of scarcity. It now appears, however, that the advance of technology has begun to outstrip our capacity for social invention. Before the Second World War, in the flux of technological change and the oscillations of the business cycle, the system chronically fell 5 or 10 per cent below full employment and fell as far as 25 per cent below in 1933. It is instructive to compare this experience with the present. During the past several years, despite a steady rise in gross national product, unemployment has been rising. It

now approaches six million, or nearly 10 per cent of the labor force. But this figure seriously understates the gap between the jobs available in the production and distribution of goods in the economy and the number of people who need employment in order to be able to purchase their share of those goods.

That gap has been filled for the past fifteen years by the war economy. Today's roll of the employed includes 2.5 million in the armed forces; they are certainly not employed in the production and distribution of goods. To their numbers should be added the one million civilian employees of the Department of Defense, whose principal employment is that of housekeeping and procurement for those in uniform. Finally, we must add the 2.5 million workers in industry engaged in filling the procurement orders of the military. The total of those unemployed and employed outside the civilian economy thus comes to 12 million—close to 20 per cent of the labor force and only 5 per cent below the unemployment peak of 1933. And this at a time when the gross national product has reached an all-time high.

Wassily Leontief of Harvard University recently applied his "input-output" technique to a study of the economics of disarmament. His tables indicate that even if the gross national product is maintained at peak levels through the transition period following an agreement to disarm, the civilian economy would very likely fall short of re-employing all those who would be disemployed by a cut in military expenditure. The same study indicates that by 1965 technological disemployment will, in any case, eliminate about one-fifth of the jobs in industry now generated by the procurement of arms. In other industries, in the same period, technological progress promises to reduce employment by an average of close to 10 per cent.

THE EVIDENCE that full employment is no longer an attainable objective seems to be growing. Of course, the arms budget can be arbitrarily increased, and the size of the armed forces along with it, to offset technological disemployment in the armament industries. But no one really wants to contemplate an indefinite continuation of the arms race. Alternatively, or concurrently, some of the slack can be taken up by a thirty-hour week, a measure advocated by both Presidential candidates as long ago as 1956. After that, the work week could be reduced to twenty-five, then twenty hours — the inefficiency of the ultra-short work week will itself help to create more jobs. At that point the nation will have come really close to being a workless society.

No reasonably predictable rate of growth of the gross national product seems equal to overtaking the current rate of technological disemployment. Every step of progress in automatic control reduces the capital investment as well as the employment per unit of output. As the cost of investment goes down, the rate of technological progress and consequent disemployment must increase.

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Even an expanding economy must employ progressively fewer workers in its production sector. At some point, the terminus of full investment will be reached; at the present level of opulence, the consumer economy already shows signs of surfeit. There is, of course, a vast untapped market in the income groups at the bottom third of the economic pyramid. But how are their wants to be implemented with purchasing power when that bottom third already counts the disemployed among its members?

IN THE long run, larger questions must be faced and answered. If a fraction of the labor force is capable of supplying an abundance of everything the population needs and wants, then why should the rest of the population have to work for a living? Preposterous alternatives suggest themselves: the cash registers might simply be removed from the counters in the supermarkets. If production cannot be maintained at a profit under such circumstances, then why should a profit be made? Some other standard of social accounting might serve even better to reduce waste and inefficiency.

These questions are put in a deliberately extreme form. They suggest the kind of overturn in the values of our society that is already quaking the ground beneath our feet. The virtues of thrift, hard work and profit are rooted in scarcity. With the middle-income family typically in hock to installment-purchase contracts and with the private-money market supplying less than 2 per cent of the new capital in our economy, thrift long ago ceased to serve a significant economic function.

Any hard work that a machine can do is better done by a machine; "hard" these days means mostly boring and repetitive, whether in the factory or office. But the instinct for workmanship, the need to feel needed, the will to achieve are deeply felt in every human heart. They are not universally fulfilled by the kind of employment most people find. The liberation from tasks unworthy of human capacity could free that capacity for a host of activities now neglected in our culture: learning and teaching, the sciences, arts and letters, the crafts, medicine and its allied works, politics and public service. The Peace Corps now being created suggests that disemployed factory workers might be mobilized in cadres to find rewarding employment in teaching their skills to citizens of the poor nations still on the threshold of their industrial revolution. Characteristically, the new kinds of employment that open up to people involve their interaction with other people, rather than with things.

As for profit, a great many of the most vital activities in our society—teaching and the best kind of medicine, fundamental scientific investigation, conservation and the enhancement of resources, city planning, public works, urban rapid transit, symphony orchestras, the operation of museums — have never been or can no longer be conducted at a profit. Most of these activities and institutions are now short-changed. With abundance to support the portion of the labor force employed in them, it can be anticipated that they will gain a higher priority in our lives. In activities that are carried on for a profit, considerations other than profit are already being pressed upon the great corporations by society through governmental regulatory agencies.

WHAT IS most to be asked of the corporate enterprise system is the diffusion of initiative in the promotion of technological progress. This, in fact, is the primary purpose served by profits in the industrial system today; as a kind of involuntary savings, extracted beforehand from the unthrifty consumer, retained corporate earnings have furnished the principal capital for industrial expansion for more than forty years.

Our society is probably closer to being propertyless than workless today. But the rate of technological progress is speeding up. It appears now to be moving faster than even the responsive and resilient U.S. social order can evolve. Some of the changes may have to come in quantum jumps. For these we need economic and political leadership whose judgment is not compromised by commitments to the past.

CHINA'S LITTLE LEAPS . . *by Kurt Mendelssohn*

Oxford, England

LAST YEAR, after spending some time in visiting universities in Japan, I was invited by the Chinese Physical Society to visit Peking. My host was its president, Professor Chou Pei-yuan, who is also vice chancellor of Peking University. From Hong Kong I went by train via Canton and Wuchang through almost 2,000 miles of China to Peking. In Canton I saw something of the new city communes. It was not a scheduled visit and I was just strolling through the town when I came upon a number of houses which had been converted into factories. The conditions and the equipment were primitive in the extreme, even more so than in the large, agricultural commune which I saw later south of Peking. Everything was homemade and on the "do it yourself" principle. There were no machine tools and a few boys who were planing off some cast metal parts simply used ordinary files. Nevertheless, the finished article looked as if it had come out of a Western machine shop. In the north I found in a farm building a girl who wound short strips of insulating tape on stout copper wire which was lying before her in a

KURT MENDELSSOHN, Reader in Physics at Oxford University and vice president of the Physical Society, is one of Britain's most distinguished scientists.

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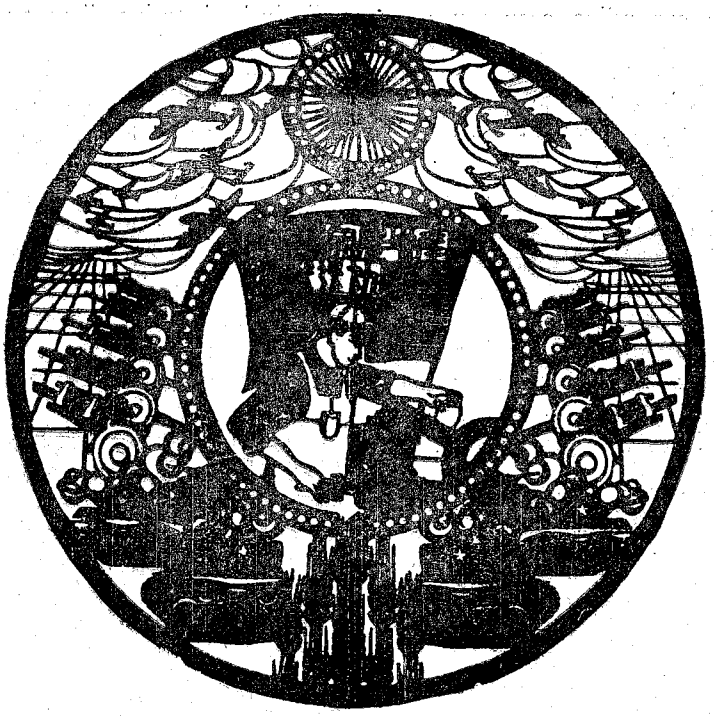
tangled mess. Behind her stood her handiwork, a medium-size three-phase transformer which she had wound. Out in the yard, among the chickens and ducks, a couple of boys and a girl were cutting out the metal parts of the transformer housing with a cold chisel. Not far away there stood the transformers, complete with oil-cooling pipes, ready for dispatch.

These back-yard industries, so different from the large-scale development in the West and in the Soviet Union, have come in for a good deal of criticism from Western economic experts who have pointed to the low productivity and backwardness of the Chinese methods. Indeed, by our own standards the efficiency of these communes is pitifully low; but then, the standards which are appropriate to China are very different from those of the highly developed countries, or even those of Japan. The Chinese like doing things their own way, and their own way is usually well suited to their own peculiar conditions. It is impossible to understand and gauge the Chinese effort in science and technology without having regard to the historic sequence of events which led to the present state of the country.

MORE THAN a century ago, the European nations began seriously to encroach upon Chinese independence and sovereignty. The Chinese who, with some degree of justification, had considered themselves for a millennium the most civilized people on earth, were slow in grasping the full significance of the situation. Then, at the turn of the century, their world collapsed before their unbelieving eyes and this collapse was followed by half a century of civil war and Japanese invasion. By 1949, a Chinese had to be at least fifty years old to remember work under conditions of peace and security.

These two precious gifts were brought by the Communist government, and this alone is reason enough for most Chinese to give full and enthusiastic support to the new state. But there is another factor, probably of equal importance, and that is the restoration of national dignity. China is at long last free from foreign influence; if a foreigner goes to China, he goes there as a guest and not in his own right. Too few people realize how deeply the humiliation of defeat had been felt by the Chinese. Now its memory is washed away and the glory of her past has returned to China.



Contemporary Chinese Woodcut

It is therefore not surprising that the Chinese, and in particular the young generation, are fired by a tremendous enthusiasm. The communes provide an ideal outlet for it. Technological development for both industry and agriculture is the keynote of the new China and everybody would like to be in on this exciting adventure. However, there are not nearly enough factories to absorb this pressure of enthusiasm. It is a great challenge to make transformers in a cowshed and switchgear in a disused city shop. The Chinese are not really very worried at this stage about low productivity. They have at their disposal more than 600 million pairs of hands, and pretty skillful ones too. The men and women in the communes will probably produce only at one-tenth of the rate of an American industrial worker, but they produce where no production existed at all. Even a productivity of only a few per cent can mount up if there are a few hundred million workers at it.

In the cities and in the newly developing industrial areas in the north, the back-yard industry of the communes will be a passing phase of probably quite short duration. It is different, however, in the large agricultural districts. There the work is seasonal and, except for the southeast, no work on the land can be done in the winter months. Small-scale industrial production in communes may therefore become a winter occupation which will remain.

THE development of the back-yard industry must not be taken as an indication that China intends to shelve large industrial plans for the time being. On the contrary, the building of factories is going ahead at an incredible speed. Here again there is a conspicuous absence of steel frames and cranes. Instead, armies of workers can be seen erecting huge brick buildings which grow almost hourly. After centuries of stagnation, the Chinese have suddenly discovered that they can do things faster than anyone else and they have become conscious of it. So, wherever you go, they like to show you a large building in use, pointing out that six or nine months ago the place was still open country. The enormous Great Hall of the People which, in addition to a meet-

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ing hall for 10,000 delegates and a restaurant to seat 4,000, has a large number of big lobbies, was built in less than a year. In the meantime, the millions working away with primitive equipment in the communes all over the country are the industrial trainees who will make excellent foremen and managers for the new factories as soon as they are ready.

The strength of China today is enthusiasm, skill and the capacity for hard work sustained over long hours. These alone will, however, not be enough to build a modern industrial state, and the Chinese are fully aware of it. In order to support their industrial drive, they are in need of a huge army of scientists and technicians. Of all the requirements of industry, an engineer has the longest delivery time. Even in China, it will be about seven years. In spite of the enormous pressure for skilled technicians with high qualifications, the Chinese have not fallen into the error of some of the Western nations of trying to ease the strain by early specialization. At the expense of a few years of training, they have adhered to the principle of giving their young people a broad general education at school, irrespective of the later academic requirements.

A WORD must be said here about the peculiar difficulties with which they are faced owing to the nature of their written language. The great number and complexity of Chinese written characters have in the past resulted in a small minority who were able to master these while the large masses remained illiterate. A great effort is now being made to alphabetize the language and all school children will have to learn, in addition to a certain number of characters, to read and write their language in the Latin script. However, it is impossible to transliterate the characters themselves straight into alphabetic form because they denote concepts, and not speech. The great multitude of Chinese regional dialects are so different that they cannot be understood by the inhabitants of another part of the country. The children must therefore first learn Mandarin, which for centuries has been the official language and which, as Chinese dialects go, is relatively simple. This spoken language can then be alphabetized. The transliteration chosen for this is somewhat different from that generally used in the West; for instance, the name of the capital is not spelled "Peking" but "Beijing," which, indeed, is closer to the spoken word.

The Chinese school child who is destined for higher education will, in addition, have to learn one or two foreign languages — likely Russian and/or English. After twelve years of school, those who gain the highest marks are offered a place at an academic institution. This may be a university, a technical university or a specialized institute. In order to avoid lopsidedness in university development, the Chinese have taken all technological subjects, medicine and legal training out of the university curriculum. These are the fields in which an enormous number of qualified professional men and women will be required in the near future; and by training in separate centers the character of the universities, as places of scholarly study and research, has been preserved. The universities retain, of course, their faculties of law and of the physical and biological sciences, but in these the basic principles only will be studied, while their practical application is taught at the specialized institutions.

There are institutes of electronics, of metallurgy, of petroleum technology and so on in which the student will receive an intensive training in a fairly narrow field in which he is expected to become a highly qualified expert. The technical universities, such as Tsinghua, are meant to form an intermediate stage between the purely academic courses of the universities and the specialized training at the technological institutes.

The university course, say in physics, takes about five years. There is a final examination, but—and this is another Chinese peculiarity—no degree is given. At present the demand for students who have finished the course is so great that all of them will immediately find employment. Students about to leave are given a list of ten types of jobs in their field and are asked to state their preferences. They are then placed according to their wishes and to their examination results. It is not surprising that there should be quite some competition for the best man not only from industry, but also from the university and the research institutes of the Academia Sinica. My Chinese colleagues tell me that, after trying a number of schemes, they now have a system in which each of the established universities has to look after a number of new institutions which are regarded as this university's "babies." The university is responsible to see that the baby institutions are well staffed and that they get all the parental help and guidance required.

IN SPITE of all revolutionary ideas, the tendency to let the new grow out of the old, and to let the wisdom of experience guide new developments, is very strong in China. Whereas in Russia the capitalists were abolished in a big sweep, the Chinese employers and owners of factories were asked to stay on in partnership with the state. During this time they are allowed to take their share in the profits and after several years, when the factory becomes full state property, they have a good chance of being taken on as managers. In this way the knowledge and ability of the capitalist is utilized and incentive is provided for him to place his skill and effort at the service of the new regime.

Far from breaking with the past, the new Chinese government has expended huge sums and devoted a large labor force to the repair of palaces, temples, the imperial tombs and other treasures of architecture and art. The Forbidden City of Peking, which already at the decline of the last dynasty was falling into disrepair, is now shining again in the full splendor of the Ming emperors. Its halls and courts are filled with collections of paintings, sculpture, bronze and porcelain. The gay beauty of the Summer Palace has come again to life and the Great Wall was repaired at the same time as large new irrigation reservoirs were built in its shade.

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St.-John Perse: Poet as Historian

CHRONIQUE. By St.-John Perse. Translated by Robert Fitzgerald. Pantheon Books. 60 pp. $3.

Octavio Paz

IN 1904, while still an adolescent, St.-John Perse wrote his first well-known poem, *Images à Crusoé;* in 1959 he published *Chronique,* his most recent poem. A half century separates these two works. Or does it unite them? Both things at once. Almost nothing remains of the world in which Perse spent his youth. Whole societies have vanished, others have emerged, and those which resisted the storm-winds have undergone such deep changes that no one could swear to their being the same. A lot more than time has passed during these fifty years: "There is a rending of entrails, of viscera, over the whole lighted space of the Century."

Obviously this is not the first age in which cataclysms have occurred. But before this the everyday life of the people, bound by work and ritual to the cyclical rhythms of nature, was less upset by the creation and destruction of empires. Real life wasn't historical. Until the last century private life and public events could be kept apart; except for scattered and isolated moments — the Revolution of 1848 or the Commune—history never crossed the path of Baudelaire or Rimbaud or Mallarmé. Today, history not only invades the remotest corners of the earth—there are no virgin peoples or territories any longer—but it intrudes on our thoughts, lays waste our secret dreams, uproots us from our cities and hurls us into the public void. Modern man has discovered that historical life is a life of migrations. St.-John Perse knows this better than anyone. But what history has put asunder, poetry unites.

Rereading Perse's books, one notices that a single verbal stream flows uninterruptedly from *Eloges* to *Chronique.* Perse's language swallows up events, transmutes them and then, so to speak, redeems them. Everything that has taken place over the last fifty years—*including the poet's personal life*—is fitted into the work. Discords, schisms, exiles, love and love affairs, atrocities, the annihilation and birth of cities, the emasculation of language, unbearable fevers in the western sky—all these are the images and rhymes of an enormous poem. The dispersions of our world finally reveal its living unity. Not the unity of some system that wipes out contradictions and is never more than a partial vision, but that of the poetic image. It has been said that the historian is a prophet in reverse, a diviner of the past. By the same token the poet might be viewed as a historian who imagines what comes to pass. And what is remarkable is that his images have more truth in them than the so-called historical documents. Anyone interested in what took place in the first half of this century had better avoid the dubious accounts of it in our newspapers. Let him get hold instead of a key group of poetical works. One of them would be that of St.-John Perse.

Images à Crusoé ends with a sentence that is both an evocation and a prophecy: "You awaited the moment of departure, the rising of the great wind that would suddenly tear you away, like the typhoon, parting the clouds before your waiting eyes." The first stanza of *Chronique* responds to that final stanza: "Great age, behold us. Coolness of evening on the heights, breath of the open sea on every threshold, and our foreheads bared for wider space." Perse is answering the summons he had given himself at the age of twenty. Crusoe, the poet's youthful persona, doesn't leave him: "Great age, you lied: a road of glowing embers, not of ash." Years have passed, but old age doesn't bring surrender. The world is still open, and the poet's favorite image still that of the road: "Great age, behold us in our limitless ways." Old age is no rocking chair near the fire but a night spent under the open sky. *Chronique* is a later stanza in the same poem, the restatement of its opening theme and the augury of yet another adventure. No, not another: the same; yet always different. Each of Perse's books is a stanza in a single poem; and each of these long stanzas is itself an isolated poem. Unity and multiplicity.

What is the theme of Perse's poem? What story is recounted in the stanzas called *Eloges, Anabase, Exil, Vents, Amers, Chronique?* The work opens as a kind of chant, a eulogy of the natural world and the first age of man. Sea, sky and land seen through the troubled eyes of a young boy. Praise and farewell to childhood, to its "magnanimous myth" and the rich fare at its table. The first book, the first stanza, is an announcement of the voyage to come: "All the roads in the world feed from the hand" of the young poet. It was a short step from *Eloges* to *Anabase.* Perse took it without nostalgia, determined from then on to live as the Stranger. There is no road that leads back to the country of his birth. *Anabase* is an account of the peregrinations and movements—in space, in time, and in the secret enclosures of the dream—of races and civilizations, a celebration of the founding of cities and laws, the evocation of great birds of passage: "Fertile land of the dream! Who speaks of building?" From *Anabase* on, the Stranger's lot is made one with the rain, the snow and the wind, images of change and migration, powerful concretions of the word *Exile.* Histories of our age, they are at the same time the account of an exile that has no end, because all of human history is a history of exile. The planet itself is a migrant body.

PERSE'S adventure is anything but a circumnavigation; each stop becomes a new point of departure, a moment's respite before continuing the journey. The geometrical figure that describes this universe is not a circle but a spiral. Perse's poetry should be read as an exercise in spiritual intrepidity. His poems offer a man no shelter from the night and bad weather; they are themselves an encampment under the open sky. No roots here: wings. His theme is singular and plural: time, the times. History minus any characters, because the only real character in history is a nameless and faceless being, half flesh and half dream: the man all we other men are and aren't. Voyage without map or compass or the names of countries, because cities, ports, islands, all that marvelous geography, dissolve the moment that we touch them. Chronicle of storms and balmy days, annals of the wind, book of seas and rivers, stone tablet of the sky inscribed with good

OCTAVIO PAZ, the eminent Mexican poet, is the compiler most recently of An Anthology of Mexican Verse, *translated by Samuel Beckett and published by the University of Indiana Press under the auspices of UNESCO. Mr. Paz's essay is translated by Jerome Rothenberg.*

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and bad years, like the symbols on a *stela*. Perse's poetry penetrates beyond optimism and pessimism, indifferent to quarrels over names or grubby controversies about morality and meaning. His morality is something other, like his enthusiasm and terrible energy. Perse's theme is time, our very substance. The poetry of time, which buries and banishes us. Insofar as we are men, we are a metaphor for time. A migrant image.

ANNALS, chronicles, voyages: the epic. But what a singular epic it is. Its form —probably the only kind an age like ours could bear—has little resemblance to the traditional epic. (Let me say, in passing, that our century has attempted to rescue the epic as a literary genre. Even the novel, which has been dominated almost entirely by the analytical spirit, is today abandoning psychology and descriptive prose; its most daring and valid productions are again verging on poetry with its unitary vision and re-creations of language.) What first strikes the reader of *Anabase* or *Vents*, having once overcome the difficulties that any real poem creates for the inattentive, is the absence of narrative. The poet speaks of migrations, conquests, voyages, the founding of cities, rituals, the invention of techniques, the discovery of new lands, the election of dignitaries, councils, usurpations, festivals, without bothering to arrange any of that random conglomeration of centuries and events (some real, others imaginary) within a linear narrative. We sit in the eye of the cyclone. History is movement, but we are ignorant of where the movement is taking us.

As against the explanations of the philosophers of history, which are never more than provisional, the poet gives us the feeling and meaning of historical life. The meaning he delivers has little to do with where the events are heading (something that no one knows anyway). The meaning of history isn't somewhere out there, in the past or the future, but in the here and now. On this earth and at this precise moment, man is building cities, establishing kingdoms, convening assemblies, drawing up laws, writing poems, or waiting for it all to be taken from him. In a word, man fighting against death makes of each of his hours a structure or an action: a monument and a ruin. Although Perse's poetry abandons the horizontal method of narration, his material remains epic. Using an abundance of examples, which in itself indicates the richness of his historical experience, he dazzles our eyes with a display of the wonderful and laughable diversity of man's works, occupations and activities. Rejecting the intercession of philosophy, he brings us face to face with the direct meaning of history: we must create or perish. The poet presents, he doesn't prove.

ANOTHER difficulty involves the identities of Perse's heroes. Every figure wears a mask. None has a proper name: the Stranger, the Regent, the Usurper, the Tragedians, the Scrivener, the Viceroys, the Financier, the Astrologer. Duties, ranks, professions: some as ancient as civilization, others imaginary. Men of all classes and all classes of men. People and peoples, mankind and man. As with Joyce, all the characters dissolve into a single character, a unique figure who never speaks in his own voice. Barely able to break the silence, he yet reveals himself through a plurality of voices and shifting presences. Colloquy or monologue? At times a choral poem; at others a solo voice reciting, meditating or raised in prayer. A woman is all women, and women are the sea. The Stranger is the Poet and the Poet is his language. Wind, clouds, rocks, the sea (all-powerful for Perse's spirit, omnipresent), gigantic trees, metals, the Three Kingdoms and the rest—all these are characters as well.

The poet is the chronicler of rainstorms, the historian of blizzards. The pomps of history encompass physical phenomena. Thunder, lightning, the wild heat of summer are all part of his Romance. Or is it just the opposite: that Perse thinks of history as an event in nature? Most likely neither. The vision here is total: history and nature are both dimensions of the human, extremes of the same contingency. And man? Contingent also: a wager that life has made with itself. In *Chronique* we come on a curious sentence that throws a certain light on what might be called Perse's "transhumanism": "We pass and, engendered by no one, do we really know toward what species we are advancing?" The center of the poem is man—but man seen as a transitional being moving toward some other form: "We are herdsmen of the future. . . ."

Classifications are misleading. Perse's poems resemble our traditional epics less than they do the sacred books of the Orient or the Mayan cosmogonies. At the same time his work adapts and widens the modern tradition. His language, a prodigious fountain of images, is one of the freest and richest in all contemporary poetry—and one of the most precise and skillful rhythmic con-

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Let me return to the original point long enough to remark that Perse's poetry culminates in a song that celebrates the very act of singing: not an exaltation of this or that particular action but of the essential act itself, in all its purity, using words that tremble with creative energy. Is it any wonder that he would make a final song in praise of the highest activity known to man: the poem? As a celebration of language, Perse's poetry is a return to the origin of the poem: the hymn. An exclamation in the face of life, an affirmation of existence, a eulogy. Poetry which ignores the gods but bathes itself in the fountain of the sacred: "Surely I live in the throat of some god." This terrible age of ours produces more than doubt and negation. A poet may still accept it in its totality: "Great age, you form this praise." No real poet was ever a Manichean. Good and evil, darkness and light are not separate entities but the two sides of Being—that eternal Sameness which is never the same. The poet "turns from contention." His song is praise.

Architect of Society

DEMOCRACY: A Man-Search. By Louis H. Sullivan. Introduction by Elaine Hedges. Wayne State University Press. 421 pp. $7.95.

Sherman Paul

"TO DISCUSS American architecture and its possibilities, while ignoring the repressive force of feudalism and the expansive force of democracy, is sheer lunacy." This was Louis Sullivan's response to his colleagues who were still peddling styles without reference to the social crises of their time. He had always related art and society. Early in his career he had been concerned with the more strictly architectural aspects of the relationship, with achieving a personal utterance for the aspirations of

SHERMAN PAUL, author of Emerson's Angle of Vision *and* The Shores of Light: Thoreau's Inward Exploration, *is now at work on a study of Louis Sullivan. Mr. Paul is Professor of American Literature at the University of Illinois.*

Hemlocks

Red house. Green tree in mist.
How many fir long hours.
How that split wood
warmed us. How continuous.
Red house. Green tree I miss.
The first snow came in October.
Always. For three years.
And sat on our shoulders.
That clean grey sky.
That fine curtain of rain
like nice lace held our faces
up, in it, a kerchief for the nose
of softest rain. Red house.
Those green mists rolling
down the hill. Held our heads
when we went walking on the hills
to the side, with pleasure.
But sad. That's sad. That tall grass.
Toggenburg goat stood in, looking, chewing.
Time was its cud. Oh
Red barn mist of our green trees of Him
who locks our nature in His deep nature
how continuous do we die to come down
as rain; that land's refrain
no we never go there anymore.

EDWARD DORN

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society. The financial crises of 1893 and 1907, however, broadened his emphasis. The first crisis began the decline of his fortunes, the second completed it. Sitting in his office atop the tower of the Auditorium Building (which he was forced to abandon in 1909), he had little to design, but much to read and think about—and much to write.

The betrayal of American architecture at the World's Fair turned him to education. He challenged the American Institute of Architects by leading the draftsmen who in 1899 formed the Architectural League of America. For them he wrote *Kindergarten Chats*. But it was impossible for one who lived then in Chicago to overlook a greater betrayal. Chicago, Henry Adams wrote, "asked in 1893 for the first time the question whether the American people knew where they were driving." If they did not know that they were on their way to feudalism, there were philosophers, psychologists and social critics in Chicago who could tell them. Sullivan was one of them.

He read widely and he learned from Dewey, Veblen, Oscar Triggs and Henry D. Lloyd. He found that what he called "natural thinking" was confirmed by functional psychology, that his notion of beneficent power was comparable to Veblen's instinct of workmanship, and that the Whitmanian gospel of experience in the "open" which he espoused had been given scientific support. The new thought, he believed, was as significant for the history of man as the Copernican revolution had been. With its "publicity," he hoped to clear away the "survivals" of feudalism.

FEUDAL thought was "inverted"—untenable dualistic thinking that had externalized the powers of man and alienated him from himself and the universe. Its psychological origin was fear, and whatever had been created in the image of this thought contributed to the culture of fear and to the "dance of death" which for him symbolized past and present civilizations. To remove the "mind-forg'd manacles," to show man to himself that he might realize his powers—such was the aim of the Nietzschean transvaluation of Sullivan's man-search. In his battle for democracy the real issue was not simply man's "natural rights" but the liberation of his actual, naturally creative powers.

Sullivan was a man of good hope, one of many progressive prophets who upheld the claims of honesty and justice and announced the advent of a genuinely social democracy. It is easy to deny such men, to mock them as Veblen did, until one realizes that every subsequent generation has been kindled, if at all, by their faith. Those who are accustomed to the blander sociological vocabulary of our time may be put off by Sullivan's rhetoric; those who are cynical about democracy and unwilling, even as historians, to understand what it meant to another generation (a fault, I think, of Burchard and Bush-Brown's recent *The Architecture of America*), may not wish to return to books that challenge their little faith. But perhaps that is the value of Sullivan's book, which only now has found a courageous publisher and a perceptive editor.

Democracy: A Man-Search was written more than fifty years ago. To fully appreciate its singular achievement one must go back to a time when sociology was the new master science. It had then an aura it later lost. Sullivan said in *Kindergarten Chats* that it was the unitary science, the explorer and evangel of democracy. It fulfilled "the main and the immediate business of democratic philosophy"—"to simplify, to clarify and to know itself." For him it defined a new mode of thought (the "face to face" experience of *Democracy*), a new area of study (that of the forms and functions of man in society throughout history) and an immediate end in reform (the social salvation of man in democracy). This feeling for the redemptive possibilities of the new thought explains Sullivan's prophetic posture, the manner of his writing, and his personal fear lest society let its dreamers perish. And it helps us understand those deep and continuing currents of thought and emotion which carried democratic idealism from the transcendentalism of the early nineteenth century to the pragmatism of our own era.

WHAT makes *Democracy* so singular is the fact that it is not a social tract. It is a work of art, and now that Sullivan's buildings are being demolished, it may remain, with his other books, as a testimony of his creative impulse and of his tremendous imaginative vi-

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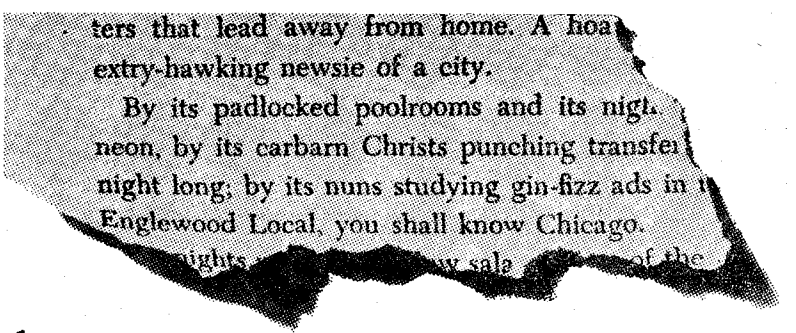
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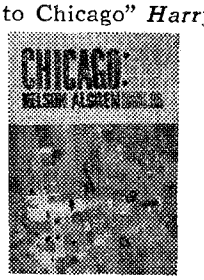

Nelson Algren writes a new introduction for this paperback re-issue of his long-out-of-print, *Chicago: City on the Make*. Although a "muscular bear hug" for Chicago it rises above mere description to rate more as a love poem for the author's favorite "October sort of city." Whichever side you take after reading this book it certainly won't be the side of indifference. Order your copy today; 95¢ at your bookstore or direct from the publishers:

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tality. His ends were always social and his means were always artistic. (He knew, as Raymond Williams reminds us in *The Long Revolution,* that art is a social activity and that the communication of creative impulse is a necessity of democratic society.) It was not enough for him to tell men about the new thought; he would make them *see* it—and its consequences. He would dramatize on the stage of history the story of "man's self-eclipse," he would show them how they themselves had created the culture of fear, and he would force them to accept the burden of choice and responsibility for the thought that was the spring of history. As his examiner in history at the Beaux Arts had prophesied, he would turn the teachings of history upside down. And he would do in his way what recent studies like the Goodman's *Communitas* and Mumford's *The City in History* have done: liberate choice by showing alternatives.

Democracy is not a perfect work. Repetition, especially toward the end, produces the effect of shrillness. Nevertheless, it is boldly conceived and written with restraint. Its theme—man's search for himself—is grand; its method—the socio-psychological—is profound; its intent—the passionnate desire to redeem man—is Messianic. In theme as well as technique (for example, the conscious use of archetypes and the complex fusion of past and present) it anticipates much in modern literature. The result is a landmark in democratic thought. Sullivan's book belongs with those great affirmations of the human spirit which for want of another name might be called the permanent sociology of man.

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LETTER from CANNES

Donald Richie

THE 14th Film Festival at Cannes, one of the least distinguished in a series world-famous for its lack of distinction, showed at least one film at which everyone sat up and took notice. This was Shirley Clarke's version of Jack Gelber's play, *The Connection.* Shown early in the festival at the Petite Salle (hors competition), it, in the word of *Film Française,* the official house organ, "made the festival."

The reason is that it is a completely controversial film. "It is this year's *L'Avventura,*" said the *Figaro* critic and he was right. After days of bad De Sica, inferior Sjoeberg, and disappointing Clément, it gave the festival back to cinema. The repercussion was felt even by producers arguing in four figures on the Carleton Plaza, even by posturing *vedettes* on the beach. Further showings were arranged and people stood for a two-hour film the first showing of which was to a half-empty hall.

Interest was further aroused because a number of Miss Clarke's friends had come to Cannes. Every day Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Peter Orlovsky could be seen at the Bar Bleu, next to the Palais du Festival, minding their own business, talking, writing poetry, and looking eminently respectable in the context of sequined starlets, athletes daubed with bronze paint, and ladies who carried marmosets to cocktail parties.

Most people thought, erroneously, having seen *Pull My Daisy,* that the poets were in the film. "I wish we had been," said Ginsberg. "For one thing, it is a lot better than ours. What most surprised me, and one of the reasons I think it is a good film, is that it is so funny."

It surprised everyone that *The Connection* should be so funny and so light. In this it stands well above certain other new films which it somewhat resembles. The newest trick of the new wave, for example, is to make a film about making a film, which is what *The Connection* does. But in both of the Jean Roche films, *La Pyramide Humain* and the new *Chronique d'un Eté,* we are really looking at home movies of bull sessions. No films since the dawn of sound have talked so much or moved so little. Distinguished by all the spontaneity of bad photography, the pictures' message is the one arrived at by most of us in our sophomore year. The Italians, always the more chic, have made several films about *not* making films, notably Franco Rossi's rather interesting *Odyssea Nuda,* in which Enrico Maria Salerno drops his 16 mm. Bolex in the first reel, never to pick it up again.

The thing about *The Connection* which flipped the French is that Shirley Clarke creates perfectly the feeling of the spontaneous which is so in vogue these days but, at the same time, controls her production with iron reins. Little or nothing is actually spontaneous in the film; Miss Clarke's is the art that hides art.

From the first we are in a Greenwich Village cold-water flat, from which we never succeed in escaping, and the audience began murmuring its appreciation of the fact that this was so obviously the real thing. Actually it was nothing of the sort; it was a set, and one of the most extraordinary in recent film history.

The set impressed the French, but the acting impressed them even more. So much so that loud arguments were later heard to the effect that it was not acting at all, that these had been real people. "Of course, that is one of the points of the film," said Shirley Clarke: "Who you are, what you do. That room is the whole world. I got mixed up myself all the time. For me the actors *were* the characters, I called them by the characters' names. Even now I look at Raphael over there and I think: There's Solly.

"And this is what I have always been

DONALD RICHIE, at present in Germany, was invited to the recent Cannes Film Festival as an assisting member of the Japanese delegation.

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trying to achieve, now that I think of it. All of my films have tried to break down what is real and what is false. Both *Bull Fight* and *Scarey-Time* are about just that. And in *The Connection* we pulled it off—at least we pulled it off part of the time. The camera is like that. It cannot help but help you break down that proscenium that, even in the movies, exists between actors and audience."

SO FAR as the French were concerned the proscenium was swept entirely away, even more so than in the Roche films, because in *The Connection* you are shown a film director (beautifully played by Roscoe Browne) trying to make a film about junkies and failing. The entire paraphernalia of film-making is brought into view, all of this elaborate equipment for capturing life alive is rejected and one of the results is that a brilliant facsimile of life is presented.

When the credits came on at the end I heard people around me saying: "Well, I don't know what that means —probably thanking the American government or something. At any rate, it was a brave picture for America to have made." "Lady," I felt like saying: "America had nothing to do with it." Though *The Connection* is a palpably American work of art, it is certainly not a film that the American delegation would have chosen for Cannes. Only the fact that it had been especially invited by the Fédération Française des Auteurs Cinématographiques for out-of-competition viewing made its showing possible at all. Even so, the wires between Paris and Cannes buzzed with semi-official American protests. (The "official" American entries were all safe, sound and dull: *The Hoodlum Priest, A Raisin in the Sun,* etc.)

There were dark rumors that rooms reserved for *The Connection* cast had been mysteriously canceled. There were also many stories of misbehavior on the part of the poets, but none of this was substantiated. People followed Ginsberg, Corso and Orlovsky on the streets, waiting for outrages that never occurred. One Thomas Wiseman, writing for the *Evening Standard,* arranged a meeting between the Americans and Terence Rattigan, then sat back for fireworks. There were none but "Rattigan Meets the Beats," an article by Wiseman, was filled with apocryphal quotes and invented pieces of business designed to show how wild, erratic and undependable these well-behaved young men really were.

One word (used both as expletive and as synonym for dope) occurs incessantly in the film. It might be expected that this would limit the showings in, for example, America. "I don't think so," said Shirley Clarke. "If one distributor is willing to gamble, and he has only his shirt to lose, there could be grand repercussions. Already the Supreme Court has handed down rulings on religious matters in *The Miracle* and on sex in the French film version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* There is only that obscenity matter. But, as it stands now, it would be a brave local censor board that would question it—they stand every chance of going out of business.

"Naturally," she continued, "what to do about the film rests with the company. Oh, yes, there is a company, Connection, Inc. That was how the film got financed and it was the first film that I ever heard of that got paid for this way. We formed a limited partnership and people bought in, 250 in all. And they gave from $50 up to $5,000. It is the ideal way to make a film. You don't have to convince a bank or a producer. The people who buy in are already convinced or else they wouldn't." [Allen-Hodgdon Productions, which organized the financing of *The Connection,* has employed the same method to raise money for a film version of William Golding's *Land of the Flies,* now being directed by Peter Brook in Puerto Rico—ED.]

"What are they convinced about? Well, I guess they were convinced by the play, and they were convinced that I could make it into a film. And then they were convinced that this kind of picture needed to be made. After all it is about this group of people who don't have any particular hope, they have run through political hope and all the rest, and who are frankly escaping. But their way of escape is through a kind of revolt, they revolt against the standard. And this partial revolt is really, as the film shows, both funny and good. These people like each other, the revolt is one in favor of simple human good feeling. That is what no one ever understands about the people they call beats—they are relating to each other, they are responding against conformity. And what if it is the lunatic fringe? That's where they are so they might as well make the best of it."

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

IN THE PAST few years, the Ford Foundation has done an extraordinary amount of good by its support of the production and performance of contemporary American music. It has met with success in many of its projects, but nowhere more notably than in the American Music Center Commissioning Series. This project, devised and administered by the American Music Center as an experiment in the *repeated* performance of new works is now, after three years, drawing to a close. Whether it will be reinstated, I cannot say; there is reason to suspect that it will not. For the Ford Foundation seems at the moment to be especially interested in "experimental" projects, and this one, having been put into action, can no longer be considered experimental. It will be a pity, however, if it is put aside, for the idea has great validity.

It is a fact of American musical life that nothing is so difficult as to establish a new American work in the repertory. One performance will not do the trick. Several properly publicized performances by different orchestras, before a properly prepared public, can give a work a better chance to catch on. And, as an extremely important adjunct, the issuing of the piece on a commercial recording will provide it with an opportunity for continuing contact with an audience. This stage of the proceedings must also be properly advertised. Under the American Music

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Center Commissioning Series, most of these requirements were, to one extent or another, well accounted for.

The plan for this series was rather complex. Six American orchestras agreed to commission, with Ford Foundation funds, one major work each year. In all, eighteen works were underwritten. The orchestras were to perform not only the works they had themselves sponsored, but at least three of the five other pieces annually commissioned. In order to spread the public coverage as far as possible, the orchestras chosen were geographically remote from one another. They were in Minneapolis (Antal Dorati), Knoxville (David Van Vactor), Oklahoma City (Guy Fraser Harrison), San Francisco (Enrico Jorda), Washington, D.C. (Howard Mitchell) and Rochester, N.Y. (Theodore Bloomfield). The Boston Symphony was originally a participant in the series, but withdrew for reasons not known to me.

BECAUSE of various exigencies, most of the orchestras still have a number of the commissioned works to perform. David Van Vactor, I believe, has covered more of the territory than most of the conductors, having already programed two-thirds of the required works. And now, thanks to the Ford Foundation and Mercury records, the first record representing the American Music Center Commissioning Series has arrived in the market.

This is a record containing Gunther Schuller's *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee* and Paul Fetler's *Contrasts for Orchestra* (Mercury MG50282-SR90282). It is an absolute beauty! I can think of no recording of contemporary orchestral music which is superior to it in either performance or engineering, and few that are its equal. Antal Dorati, who commissioned both works, conducts the Minneapolis Symphony in readings that sound extremely settled and secure, handsomely colorful, clean and interpretively convincing. The engineering on this disk is nothing less than extraordinary. According to the jacket notes, both works were recorded with exactly the same placement of microphones and adjustment of dials, so that one might hear an accurate contrast between them. After several volume checks for loud and soft passages, the controls were set and left alone, and the result is a recording that remains in accurate focus from the first measure to the last.

Gunther Schuller, as I have already said in these columns, is one of the United States' most richly endowed young composers. I have sometimes been disturbed by his emphatic use of instrumental color as a compositional element. But the *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee*, though they display unusual virtuosity in the use of the orchestra, hold all the elements of music in fine balance. They are essentially impressionist sketches: tone-paintings, evocations, personalized responses to the seven Klee pictures from which they stem. The first, called *Antique Harmonies*, has a deliberately archaic flavor; the second, *Abstract Trio*, is precisely what the title implies. The third, *Little Blue Devil*, is based on contemporary jazz rhythms; the fourth, *The Twittering Machine*, displays the composer's well-developed serial technique and a pointillist style. The fifth, *Arab Village*, embraces slinky Arab melodies and dissonating quarter-tones; the sixth, *An Eerie Moment*, is a study in dynamic contrasts. *Pastorale*, the final short movement, is to my mind the most beautiful section of the work: a plaintive, resigned little study which contains the only philosophical statement in the entire work, and ends the *Seven Studies* on an appealingly compassionate note.

PAUL FETLER'S *Contrasts for Orchestra* is an entirely different sort of piece, being really a symphony in four movements. It is bright, full of vigor and exceedingly well laid out for the orchestra. The first two movements are played without pause. After an affirmative, almost explosive, beginning from the percussion section, they pass through moods characterized, variously, by rhythmic insistence, thoughtfulness, intimacy, or brass oratory. Contrast, according to the composer, was the principle operating throughout, rather than traditional symphonic development. The third movement, a scherzo, is bouncy, off-beat and indebted to Shostakovitch. The fourth, though it finishes the work off in a more or less satisfactory manner, is weaker than the others. Its melodic material seems forced, and the organization a bit too obvious and facile. This may be a case of fourth-movement fatigue, a not unfamiliar hazard of composing. Nevertheless, Fetler's *Contrasts for Orchestra* is an attractive and viable work. It has had, I understand, more performances than any other work brought forth in the American Music Center Commissioning Series and it is not hard to understand why.

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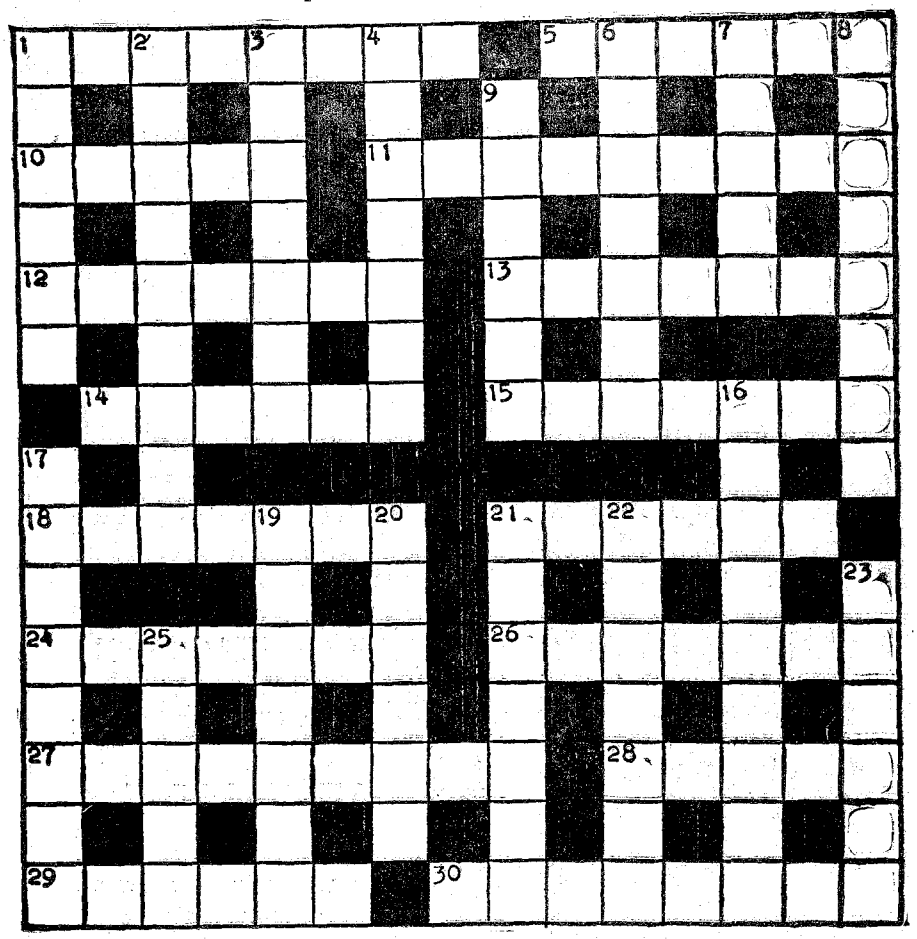
Crossword Puzzle No. 920

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 Get up, and on your feet! (They should take care of any expected development.) (8, 6)
10 A 15 might be a good one to miss, paradoxically. (5)
11 Mare and mares, perhaps. (9)
12 The power of 15 that might make one a better 10? (7)
13 Only pieces of coal, yet the assistant orders them. (7)
14 Damage missing, apt to describe where one might be bogged down.
15 This man is a farmer. (7)
18 One might have, as a prelude to going down. (7)
21 Is it the novel color of the Star Chamber that adds to the formal touch? (6)
24 A sign of a good library? (7)
26 But this TV program wasn't necessarily associated with box tops. (4, 3)
27 Help stamp propaganda out of them, perhaps! (9)
28 A grey, but somehow more colorful aspect. (5)
29 Al should finally create something stepped on. (You might have, if surprised.) (6)
30 Laid low in "Scots Wha Hae." (8)

DOWN:

1 Chief thing that borders the bag?
2 How to change a ten? (Or at least every other one.) (9)
3 Hoisting the canvas possessed the blooming things! (7)
4 The part that stands out with 28, but not comparatively 3 perhaps.
6 The Prodigal Son had such a living. (7)
7 25 was on 17. (5)
8 Stops for a while and passes time around us. (8)
9 Cash settlement about a note for the carriage? (6)
16 The masculine variety joins a superior part of the circle, and a model one. (9)
17 See 7 down. (5, 3)
19 In spirit, she is surrounded by the thing that ruins. (7)
20 How one might have thought of me, indeed! (6)
21 More than one 15, perhaps! (7)
22 Engrave letters for one who might be expected to settle his account.
23 Adds beauty to sand or substance.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 919

ACROSS: 1 Mare nostrum; 9 and 10 Portended; 11 Boar; 12 Snagged; 13 Connote; 15 Unfasten; 16 Supply; 18 Althea; 21 Footnote; 24 Eggcups; 26 and 28 Weather vane; 29 Colon; 30 Loom; 31 Horse doctor. DOWN: 2 Autograph; 3 Element; 4 Odds; 5 Tedious; 6 Urban; 7 and 23 Corn on the cob; 8 Cartel; 14 Snuff; 17 Punctilio; 19 Log jam; 20 Alpacas; 22 Oceanic; 25 Credo; 27 Slid.

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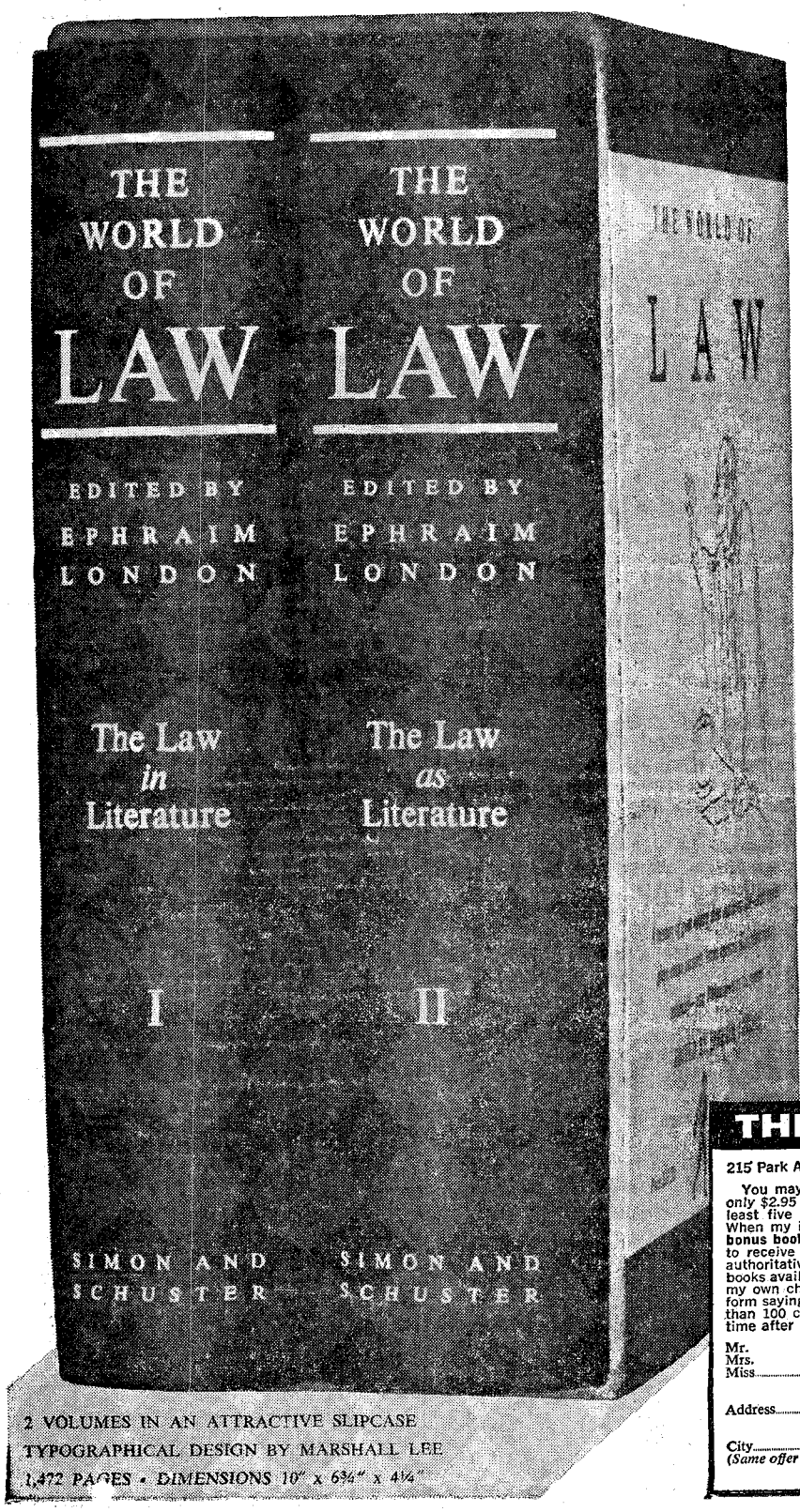

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